

Poetry by Mario Faulmann

The colours of emotions

Flirting on the breeze of a gentle wind
Caressing clouds with whispers of sunlight
Ruffling the feathers of a soaring eagle;
of such is the height and ecstasy

Magic words spoken in moments of intimacy
Trading treasures with a special friend
Exposing strands in a flicker of vulnerability;
such is the measure of trust

Salty drops falling from heaven's sky
Slipping dreams on broken rainbows
Falling like an injured sparrow on hard ground;
even such is the depth of frailty

Arrows of destruction entering soft flesh
A kiss of deception in the night shadows
Exposing common weaknesses in the safety of lies;
still such is the base nature

Gentle rose petals visited by dewdrops
A melodious skylark capturing life's essence
The soft putty of an innocent child's heart;
such is the purity yearned

A handful of flesh experiencing endless eternity
An ocean of sorrows knowing also a sky of stars
Tunnels of fear escaping with leaps of faith;
of such is the depths and heights of who we are

 *Sea Point, Cape Town, 19th May 1998*

This is the 1st poem I wrote in my Book of Poems, titled 'The stuff of dreams!'

*I started it two weeks after I left Medscheme
to pursue my dream, and became a wanna-be-has-been-writer*

Written 14 years ago, almost to the day, of my first anthology going for editing and printing in 2012

The Bird

The bird pushed
 on its scaly legs
 flapped its powerful wings
 and entered its world...

The wind played through its feathery arms
 and the bird artfully guided
 its aerodynamic body
 through its streams

Head held skywards
 he eyed a cloud
 and swiftly climbed

He passed straight through
 as after years of experience
 he knew

The sun glistened on the droplets
 which had formed
 on his waterproof surface

He glided in unison

with the beauty of his domain
and let out a powerful cry
to justify his presence there

It was a breathtaking moment

✍️ Kuilsriver, Northern Suburbs, Cape Town, 23rd November 1993

'Seen' by the writer, in the eye of the mind

How, I see

I see
the dark cloud of our doom
as it dares to stalk in the shadows that infringe the light

I see
our earth as it spirals into destruction
while we her keepers become her executioners

I see
my brothers killing each other
with hate in their hearts

I see
the corruption in the hearts of people who would live in
splendour
while the other wallows in sheer poverty

I see hunger

I see suffering

I see broken hearts

and I see shattered dreams

I see
but I cannot comprehend
how we can do the things we do
hurt the people we do
destroy our world, our home
as it has just granted to us for the moment

I see a grim future

I see
the exploding sunrise
as it breaks the chains that held the night
I see
that people care and have contributed to the saving
because they are the surgeons of our satellite

I see
as my brother dies, but do not cry
for he done it for the life of his friend or foe

I see
sharing people giving of themselves from their very need
and a happy child's face which is content, as it should be

I see horizons of wheat and vine

I see a happiness that overflows

I see happy families

and I see a wondrous reality

I see
but only now know
that because we done the things we did
we loved when fate our paths crossed
we worked together to salvage and preserve the soil from which
we come

we have made the difference as we traveled through

I see a future

Penlyn Estate, Cape Flats, 13th August 1992

To Charlene Paulus (Abrahams), who raised the question

The loss of innocence

That time the baby cried, and shouts its innocence to the world
That time a rosebud bloomed, for its very first time
Yes, and that time a pine burst right out from the ground
Yes, that time when the boy became the man
That time, it was the loss of innocence

The loss of innocence, it just had to be
The babe it cried no more, as it walked tall into the dawn
The rose, the rose it blossomed and was plucked
While the pine, alas, it grew up to be cut
And our youth to be devoured by the loss of innocence

We've got to hold on to each day
We've got to be strong
We've got to keep that innocence

Yes, the time has come
The cycle is complete, as the man he grows
And the rose adorns another place
And yes, the pine, it is returned from where it came
While, elsewhere, seeds are sown, all to give birth to life
To give birth to that innocence

Surely then we are not defeated by the loss of innocence
For it is there each day
For we have learnt from it and treasured it
As it brings beauty to all life

We've got to hold on to each day

We've got to be strong
We've got to keep that innocence

That time the baby cried, and shouts its innocence to the world
That time a rosebud bloomed, for its very first time
Yes, and that time a pine burst right out from the ground
Yes, that time when the boy became the man
That time, it was the loss of innocence

 *Penlyn Estate, Cape Flats, 12th August 1992*

Shades

The darkness of the clouds
fell onto the endless horizon
In front the waves played
cascaded and rolled
The atmosphere of drums and base
accompanied melodies
And laughter echoed
in the artistic wind spent cove

A boy ran whistling
under sandy, rocky arches
Touches of the approaching rain
told of its imminence
Dredging
the fleeing scurrying strange trio
So they found a nest
with views of a changing skyline

The sparse mist crawled
onto the jutting shoreline
Sending before it
gentle singing waves
And the new abode
sent messages of note
To angels that would hear

of children and of life

✍ Swartvlei River-mouth, Sedgefield, 11th February 2002

*Time-out on the jambi
with Charles and Francois, co-instructors at Outward Bound
after one of our adventure courses*

See

They see me
I see a dream
a flicker of life
Passing through
the smoky haze
of space and time
Yet I see
burnt severed logs
holding circles of fire
Flickering
Feebly
Hopefully
As if life were love

See me scorched
tempered with loss
escaping into a void
This promise
held ransom
by burning faithless fathoms
It must go
with here
and dissipate into mist
So kisses
suffocating the soul
may drown the oceans
Tell me you see

this disfigured clown
before the stage lights
Dance
to find the shadows of the heart
abandoned

This thing touches depths
of unknown barriers
seared with dew
Don't touch
the shattered mesh
You see!

 12th August 2009

Voices from the streets

I feel the crunch of stones under my feet
as I walk the dark roads securing my beat
The cold night air bites deep into my bones
yet this is my home I can voice no moans
I'm viewed in my cage by prospects many
My sad story would hold no interest to any

Throughout the nightlife of spring an' autumn
I hustle the hours away as is my normal custom
From cold stares of passers-by I attention seek
to pay a pimp and feed a child for another week
The drugs and drink keep me warm an' numb
as I cannot grow accustomed selling for a sum

The clouds give way to bright stars in the sky
while my heart is still dark, asking questions of why
Even the sun chose to set many hours before
but I'm still searching in life for something more
The breeze blows exposing my nakedness
which is good for profit for this sad actress

My attentive flirts rewarded as clients appear
while I wish they would not shy but draw near
Their approaches are welcome, bringing trade
I wish I had a chance, a different way to be paid
The bright street lamp reveals my weathered face
as the prospect retreats from my beaten disgrace

Soon dawn will be showing, heralding another day
while tired and worn, I must in hunger go hide away
The darkness promised refuge and financial reward
from a cold world uncaring that poverty was my lord
Oh tell me this new dawn will shine its light on me
because I need hope and desire only to be free

 *Denneoord, George, 28th July 1998*

A salute to the workers of Straatwerk and Inter-Outreach Ministry, Cape Town and the many unnoticed souls who hear the voices of the street and reach out a hand of hope to the ladies-(and men-)of-the-night.